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Volume 14

Number 1 *The Iowa Homemaker* vol.14, no.1

Article 12

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1934

## Refresh Your French

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### Recommended Citation

Kildee, Regina (1934) "Refresh Your French," *The Iowa Homemaker*: Vol. 14 : No. 1 , Article 12.

Available at: <http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/homemaker/vol14/iss1/12>

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## Before Ordering . . .

## Refresh Your French

By Regina Kildee

**H**AVE you ever, when in a beef-steak-and-apple-pie mood, been completely crushed by being confronted in a restaurant with a French menu card? It's extremely confusing, and one does not usually enjoy confessing his educational shortcomings to the waiter. Under these circumstances, most of us shut our eyes, point, and trust to luck and the chef.

There are, however, a few terms which, if known, will at least insure that we don't dine completely on desserts. Many on the following list are frequently encountered on menu cards written, for the most part, in the King's English.

abricot—apricot  
au gratin—dressed with breadcrumbs  
béchamel—very rich white sauce  
boeuf—beef  
café noir—black coffee  
canard—duck  
chocolat—chocolate  
chou—cabbage  
citron—lemon  
conserves au vinaigre—pickles  
côtelette de porc—pork chop  
crème glacée—ice cream  
crepes—pancakes  
epinard—spinach  
fromage—cheese  
fromage à la crème—cream cheese  
gâteau—cake  
gelée—jelly  
lait—milk  
laitue—lettuce  
lyonnaise—a sautéed dish seasoned with onions and parsley  
macédoine—dish consisting of medley of fruits or vegetables  
miel—honey  
mouton—mutton  
navet—turnip  
pain—bread  
pain bis—brown bread  
paté—a shell made with puff paste  
peche—peach  
petits pains—rolls  
petits pois—peas  
pièces de four—pastry  
pomme—apple  
pomme de terre—potato  
porc—pork  
potate—sweet potatoe  
pouding—pudding  
pouding au raisin de Corinthe—plum pudding  
potage—soup  
potage à la julienne—vegetable soup  
potage à la printanière—soup of early vegetables  
poulet—chicken  
purée—vegetables, cooked until tender, then put through a sieve

rissole—minced meat fritter  
salade—salad  
saucisse—sausage  
thé—tea  
tomate—tomato  
tourte—a fruit pie  
veau—veal  
vinaigrette—vinegar sauce

**O**F COURSE that doesn't help much with the pronunciation. But it makes one feel debonair and sufficient unto oneself merely to have a faint suspicion of what to expect when ordering from a French menu card.

## Presenting . . .

Mrs. McLean

By Laura Christensen

**W**ITH the offer of a job such a rarity these days, a person who can call down offers of two very promising positions in 1 day must be a very accomplished individual. Mrs. Beth McLean, part-time instructor in the foods and nutrition department, did just that.

Mrs. McLean was formerly Beth Bailey and taught here some 10 years ago. She started both the meal planning and catering courses in the Home Economics Division. After her marriage Mrs. McLean moved to the West Coast, but two years ago, following her husband's death, with her two children she returned to the campus.

The thing that impresses people most about Mrs. McLean is her level-headedness. Different people have different names for it. A fellow instructor describes her as "the most sensible person I know." Another woman says of her "she is always calm and collected." But however you say it, she most certainly is not the type of woman so many men object to in business—one cannot imagine her breaking into tears or hysterics when things go wrong.

The position she accepted is with the Southern Rice Millers in New Orleans, La. It consists of training a corps of demonstrators who will go out on the road next summer and conduct cooking schools, thus advertising cereal products. The company first asked her to come to New Orleans for a personal application—at their expense. Speaking of the trip she said, "I had a perfectly lovely time, although I did worry about the children

a bit at first." (They had been left in Ames.) "They asked me how I liked the city of New Orleans, and I told them it was a lovely place, but I couldn't feature myself living there; so they put a taxi at my disposal and let me ride all around the town and see it for myself." When asked if she wasn't thrilled about the position, Mrs. McLean smiled and said, "Of course, but I have so little time to prepare in." She was to be there by March 1.

**S**HE herself claims that first among her virtues is being a good cook. The girls in her food classes, while they cannot vouch for her actual cooking, never having had a chance to taste it, say that if she meets with her verbal presentations it would certainly be delicious. "We always come away hungry," they say, "because Mrs. McLean is bound to launch into a palate-tickling description of a lovely baked red salmon, swimming in melted butter and dotted with tartar sauce and parsley, or a large chocolate angel-food cake with piles of gooey white frosting. One of her pet theories, she says, is that color is much more important in food than in clothes. In looking through a magazine, she always looks first at the pictured advertisements of foods; the stories and articles come second with her. "The advertisements alone are worth the price of the magazine," she says.

Her movements are all quick and purposeful—she never nervously taps her fingers or idles with a pencil. Her very step generates efficiency, and the swish of her white starched uniform spells action. Her iron-grey hair is short and combed neatly back in smooth waves.

"I will certainly be busy until March 1," she said before she left for her new job, but you can be sure that whether she is planning to move across a continent to a new job or doing something else she will always be busy.

## Men Expect Courtesies

(Continued from page 7)

man likes to have a girl sit down so that he has to carry both girl and chair up to the table, and few men like to have their companion hang on their arms. Custom dictates that the girl is to take the man's arm in the evening, and that the man should take the woman's whenever she needs assistance.

The codes by which men are inclined to judge the poise and refinement of their feminine friends may appear to deal with the insignificant things, but they do play an important part when a man is making up his mind whether or not the girl "acts like a child."

If you want to curl your strips of bacon, give them a quick flirt of the fork as you take them from the pan.